1583

THE Fortunate Prince; OR MARRIAGE AT LAST.

A NEW BALLAD OPERA.

In Three Acts.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Prince *Flavius*, Contracted to the Princeſs *Seraphina*, but ſecretly in Love with *Sacharissa*.

Lord *Truelove*.

Lord *Modiſh*.

Sejanus, Prime Miniſter to the King of *Delos*.

Lord *Cringe*,
Supple,
Eaſy,
Trimmer,
} Minions to *Sejanus*.

Sly, Servant to *Sejanus*.

WOMEN.

Seraphina, Princeſs of *Delos*.

Hamilla, her Confidant.

Melinda, a Coquet, afterwards married to Lord *Modiſh*.

Sacharissa, privately married to Lord *Truelove*.

Belinda, *Sejanus's* Miſtreſs.

Meſſengers, *Attendants*, &c.

THE FORTUNATE PRINCE: OR MARRIAGE AT LAST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *discovers Prince* Flavius, *Lord* Truelove, *Lord* Modish, *and others, in the State Room, at the Prince's Palace.*

PRINCE.

WELL, my Lords, the World seems to me to be in a Sort of Lethargy, wholly unactive, for I neither hear or see any Thing to divert or instruct.

Truelove. Your Highness will pardon me, if my Sentiments differ from yours. I hope the World is stirring and diligent in promoting your Interest and Happiness, since your

Martiage with the Princeſs of *Delos* is ſtrongly rumour'd here; upon which Account I do myſelf the Honour to pay my Compliments to your Royal Perſon.

Mod. And may I be riveted to the Center this Moment, if the ſame Motive did not draw me hither ſo ſoon this Morning, to congratulate your moſt auguſt Highneſs upon your intended Nuptials.

Prince. My Lords, there is ſome Truth in what ye ſay; but, according to the common Adage, many Things happen between the Cup and the Lip; ſo many Things may happen before that comes to paſs. There have been ſome Overtures made, I confeſs, on both Sides, but as yet we are not come to a punctual Agreement.

Mod. With the humbleſt Submiſſion to your Royal Perſonage [*Bowing low*] what other Agreement needs there, if that Seraphick Angel and you are agreed?

Prince. I find, my Lord, you are more converſant in the Affairs of Love than thoſe of State. I muſt conſult my Intereſt firſt, my Lord, and conſider what Advantage I can make of this Bargain: Was ever one of our Nation known to poſtpone that?

Mod. [*aſide to* Truelove.] Bargain! Bargain I never heard ſuch a Word made uſe of in my Life, in the Senſe he means it. I'll venture any Wager the Princeſs will never like him. —— 'Tis that indeed, as your Highneſs wittily obſerves, that ſways all Mankind; but never, in my Opinion, ought to ſtand in Competition with Love; but you will pardon my Preſumption.

AIR I. All you that delight in a, &c.

Can true Love ſubſiſt, where Intereſt commands?
That ſacred Paſſion 'twill ſmother;
My Flame the bewitching Temptation withſtands,
For Love only, I am the Lover.

For ſordid Advantage the great Ones may match,
And loath the Fair while they're admiring:
Such treach'rous Arts no Modiſh *ſhall catch,*
This Breaſt nobler Veiws ſtill inſpiring.

Prince You are very merrily diſpos'd this Morning my Lord; I ſuppoſe you melodiouſly warble out ſuch Airs as this when you flatter the fair *Melinda*.

Mod. I do aſſure your Highneſs, upon my Honour, that I am an entire Stranger to Flattery [*Aſide*, which is a ſtrange Thing too, being brought up always at Court.] I never underſtood in my Life to ſpeak a Language foreign to my Heart.

Prince. Happier you, my Lord. 'Tis a too plain, but true Confeſſion, that Royalty itſelf is often oblig'd to make Uſe of two Tongues; but enough of this now. Well, *Truelove*, how does the fair *Sacharissa* do? thou haſt been a true Drudge to *Venus*.

Truel. And have been well recompenced for my Pains. I entirely acquieſce in your Highneſs's Opinion, and humbly conceive, that where Love and Intereſt come in Competition, the latter ought to ſuperſede the former: I have indeed been a Slave to an ungrateful Woman, but from henceforth ſhall ſhake off the Chain;

her Indiſcretion, I hope, will teach me Prudence.

AIR II. See, ſee, my *Seraphina* comes, &c.

Where weak coquetiſh Girl purſues
The Conqueſt of new Hearts;
With Thoughts elate, each Man ſhe views,
Diſcretion bears no Part.

The conſtant Youth worn out at laſt
With Coldneſs and Diſdain,
Abhors his ſimple Conduct paſt,
And ſo ſhakes off his Chain.

And that's my Caſe.

Mod. I am ſorry for you, my Lord; it has always been far otherwiſe with me: I never fail to bring the Prey to my Lure, and without Vanity can ſay, of all the fair Sex in general with whom yet I have been converſant, as the victorious *Cæſar* did in another Caſe, *Veni, vidi, vici.*

Prince. I hope, my Lord, you don't court the Ladies in an unknown Tongue.

Mod. No, pleaſe you, my Leige; I only ſpeak *Latin* before thoſe that are Judges of it. But I have one humble Boon to crave of your Highneſs, and that is, to permit your faithful Slave to accompany you to *Delos*, when you go to ſolemnize your Nuptials with that charming Princeſs.

Prince. What, my Lord! you are for enlarging your Conqueſts, I find, and want to captivate ſome of the fair Ladies of that Iſland. I have already told you, 'tis yet uncertain whether I ſhall go myſelf or not—But hav'n't you

Buſineſs

Buſineſs enough upon your Hands here at home, without encumbring yourſelf with Concerns in foreign Countries——Come, remember *Truelove*'s Song, that will hold good in reſpect of our Sex too.

Mod. I hope your Highneſs will excuſe me, if our Tempers don't tally in that reſpect; for,

AIR III. The Charge is prepar'd.

My wand'ring Heart ſhall reſemble the Bee,
Whoſe Joy and Delight is widely to roam:
In every Kingdom I'll have a freſh She;
From every Nation bring new Conqueſts home.

For black, brown or fair, my Inconſtancy burns,
This amorous Heart ſo open and free is;
The whole female World it ſhall conquer by turns,
And not be contented with Chloe *or* Phillis.

Prince. A plain Confeſſion indeed, my Lord.

Mod. Your Highneſs will pardon me; 'tis a true one: Variety makes the Feaſt. Mutton alone, all the Year long (as ſome witty Fellow expreſſes it) muſt be cloying.

Prince. But my Lord, we muſt ſubmit ſometimes (for Reaſons of State) to have Mutton in the Houſe all the Year, tho' we don't touch it ourſelves but ſeldom.

Mod. Your Highneſs improves upon me very pretty, faith.

Prince. My Lord *Truelove*; why ſo melancholy? Come, cheer up.

True. I am improving, (as my Lord *Modiſh* calls it) Royal Sir, by your and his Diſcourſe.

Mod.

Mod. Then liſten attentively, my Lord, and you ſhall hear a ſpecifick Remedy that will ſoon fetch you out of your Dumps.

AIR IV. Behold the Gold-finches, *&c.*

See here the gay Rover,
Tol tol lor.
View there the true Lover,
Tol tol lor.
[Pointing to Lord *Truelove.*
If you would gain her,
Tol tol lor.
With Fibs entertain her,
Tol tol lor.

For I am too genteel to ſay Lies, the only Way to gain a Woman, is to ſwear, fib, and talk Nonſenſe.

True. I believe, my Lord, theſe are the trueſt Words you have ſpoken ever ſince you have been here.

Enter one of the Gentlemen in waiting.

Gent. Pleaſe your Highneſs; a Meſſenger juſt arriv'd with this Packet from *Delos.*
[*Gives him a Packet.*

Prince. Very well. [*Opens the Packet, in which are ſeveral Letters, breaks them up, and reads 'em to himſelf*]

Moaiſh to Truelove.] I hope good News, my Lord, from *Delos*; for, Egad, ever ſince I have heard of this intended Match, I have received as much ſecret Satisfaction from the Thoughts of this Voyage to *Delos*, (for you know I am firſt Oars in my Prince's Favour, but whether

I have expreſs'd myſelf handſomely or not, I'll leave it to your Lordſhip's better Judgment; yet in my Opinion the Simile's proper) as ever I did from breaking up a tender Girl of Fifteen, tho' that's pretty Paſtime too: But, however, the latter muſt be the Conſequence if we get ſafe thither; for let me but once ſet my Foot in the Iſland, and I'll bring back Hearts by Dozens: They ſay it abounds in pretty Women too; faith; ſo that I muſt have a great deal of Pleaſure.

True. Your Lordſhip ſeems to entertain an admirable Opinion of yourſelf, ſuperior to that, I am afraid, which the Ladies of *Delos* will have of you—if not to your own Merits.

Mod. How can that be, my Lord? 'Tis impoſſible! Could I be divided into Atoms, and thus diſtributed amongſt the fair Sex all over the univerſal Globe, yet, would one ſingle Atom of me contain more Virtue in it, than another whole Body of the ſame Species.

AIR V. The *Iriſh* Howl.

Each individual Part in me
For ever ſwells with Ecſtacy;
Not one ſmall Particle can move,
But what is Rapture, what is Love.
Ho, hora, Ambora, *&c.*

Then ever may I roll in Bliſs,
And always lead a Life like this:
For ever lock'd in Woman's Arms,
And never ſated with her Charms.
Ho, hora, Ambora, *&c.*

But

But whither has theſe pleaſing Thoughts tranſported me; I forget the Prince is reading.

Prince, folding up his Letters.] I forgive you, my Lord, as being a Lover, and ſoconſequently a little delirious when deſcanting upon that favourite Topick. [*Riſes up.*] Lord *Truelove* and *Modiſh*, be pleas'd to attend me.

SCENE *changes to the Prince's-Cloſet.*
Prince, Truelove *and* Modiſh.

Prince. Can we receive any Advices that concern us, or our Principality, without imparting them to our Friends? No. Here, my Lord *Truelove*, read this Letter.

[*Giving him an open Letter, he takes and reads.*

May it pleaſe your Royal Highneſs,

WE have, at laſt, comply'd with your Demands; although, I think, ſomewhat unreaſonable. It was thought by ſome at firſt, that an Hundred thouſand Pounds was a Fortune ſufficient for our Princeſs: But I have manag'd Matters ſo as to procure an Addition out of the Publick Revenues. Your Preſence will now be abſolutely neceſſary at Delos, *otherwiſe you will be thought but a ſluggiſh Lover. My Royal Maſter has ſent you the Badges of the higheſt Honours that he can beſtow.*

I am,

Your Royal Highneſs's,
moſt devoted humble Servant,
SEJANUS.

Well, my Lords, you ſee I muſt be married now whether I will or not: They bid a Round Sum for me.

Mod.

Mod. In my humble Opinion, this is a very pert Letter (I don't know what your Highneſs may think of it;) who is this *Sejanus*? one would think by his way of Writing he was King of *Delos* himſelf.

Prince. No, my Lord; in my humble Opinion 'tis a very complaiſant Letter, becauſe it mentions a great deal of Money, and but little of Love. I know what *Sejanus*'s Additions are, not leſs than 10000 or 12000 *l. per Annum.* But if either of you, my Lords, have any Objections to make, you may ſpeak your Mind freely.

Mod. I ſhould be glad if your Highneſs would inform me who this *Sejanus* is, becauſe he makes ſuch monſtrous large Promiſes; is he in a Capacity to fulfil them?

Prince. He is, my Lord, Prime Miniſter of State to my intended Father-in-law; can open the Flood-gates of the Treaſury, (when he has a mind to't) and pour out a Deluge of Money.

Mod. A powerful Man, faith: And ſince your Highneſs has ſuffer'd me to ſpeak, as he is powerful, ſo I would not have you truſt him too far, for notwithſtanding his Greatneſs, he may be a Knave, as far as I know, and cheat both you and your Father.

Prince. No; the Man's honeſt enough I believe, with good looking after (though they talk very oddly of him at *Delos*, but let him be what he will, he is a neceſſary Tool for me at preſent, (though he may think, perhaps, *Vice versâ*, that I am his) and ſo 'tis over-reach who can: Yet, in my Opinion, I ſhall be a Match for him there, (notwithſtanding his Craft) for that you know hits the particular *Genius* of our Nation.

AIR VI. To all you Ladies now at Land.

The Guls of Delos *he may cheat,*
But never ſhall trepan
The Prince of——— *to compleat*
His Villany began:
E'er me the ſubtle Fox ſhould charm,
I'd ſee his Neck long as this Arm. Fa la la.

True. *If theſe,* Sejanus, *are your Arts,*
They're here beſtow'd in vain;
We know full well to play our Parts
While the Concern is Gain:
Come, then let's ſee this wondrous Man,
And bite the Biter if we can. Fa la la.

Prince. But what ſhall us do, my Lords, about this going over; *Sejanus*, you ſee, ſays in his Letter, that my Preſence is abſolutely neceſſary at *Delos*, but at preſent I am wholly indiſpos'd to travel: Beſides, 'tis dangerous you know to croſs the Seas. I think upon ſecond Conſideration, the Princeſs may be as well ſent over to me, and that will ſave the Expence of my Journey.

Mod. I hope your Highneſs now ſpeaks Court Language, that is what you don't mean.

True. As little a Friend as I am to the fair Sex, (ſince my Diſappointment) yet (begging your Highneſs's Pardon) ſuch a Remiſſneſs will be inexcuſable; what Opinion will the Princeſs entertain of you, if you think her not worth one Viſit?

Prince. A better I am ſure, my Lords, ſhe ought to't, than if I paid her twenty: Do you conſider the

the Length of the Voyage, how much it will coſt? By ſtaying at home I exhibit to her and her Friends, a Specimen of my Frugality.

Mod. A common Country Girl will expect the Complaiſance we have been mentioning from a Peaſant; and if I was to pay my Devoirs to one, ſplit me, if I would not do it, *Alamode de pari.*

Prince. Your Circumſtances and mine, my Lord, as I obſerv'd before, are very different, my Affairs at preſent oblige me to keep at home.

Mod. But Love! my Prince; conſider that generous Paſſion call'd Love.

Prince. But Intereſt, my Lord; conſider that darling Paſſion call'd Intereſt. She will be as much mine as if I was to take this Jant, and leave Things here at home at Sixes and Sevens.

True. Let us prevail upon your Highneſs.

Prince. In vain, my Lords, in vain ye both attempt. What, don't ye know I am likely to come to an Accommodation with the States?

Mod. aſide to Truelove.] And upon my Seſſo, was I in the Princeſs's Place, you ſhould never come to an Accommodation with me.

Truel. Pleaſe your Highneſs, we forbear to urge the Matter any further.

AIR VII. Princeſs Royal.

Can Princes form'd of nobleſt Clay,
Admit of ſo much baſe Allay,
As to become the ſordid Prey
Of all-ſeducing Treaſure.

This Truth will evidently prove,
That Gold monopolizes Love,
In vain, in vain has Beauty ſtrove;
Her Charms muſt fail,
And ſhe ſeem ſtale,
Where mercenary Views prevail,
'Tis Gold gives all the Pleaſure.

AIR VIII. I'll range all round, *&c.*

Mod. *Should Beauty's Queen riſe from the Sea,*
And offer all her Charms to thee,
[Pointing to the Prince.
For Lucre of the yellow Clay,
You'd thruſt thoſe heavenly Charms away.

AIR IX. See here my dear Boy, *&c.*

Prince. *See here, my dear Lords;*
[Laying his Hand on ſome Bags of Money.
See this is the Thing
That true Pleaſure affords
To Peaſant and King.

But I muſt ſend away a Diſpatch to the Court of *Delos*, and anſwer *Sejanus*'s Letter.

True. We interrupt your Royal Highneſs.

Both. We are your Highneſs's moſt dutiful, and moſt obedient Servants.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Sachariſſa's *Lodgings.*

Enter Lord Truelove.

Sacha. What engaging Company has detain'd your Lordſhip this Morning; ſure you could never wait ſo long at the Prince's Levee.

Truel. Nothing elſe, my deareſt *Sachariſſa*, ſhould have kept me at this time from you. We have held a Cabinet Council this Morning at Court, concerning ſome Diſpatches arriv'd from *Delos.*

Sacha. And what was the Reſult, my Lord?

True. The Reſult, my Charmer, was this; that it was in vain, and to no Purpoſe.

Sacha. How ſo, my Lord? His Highneſs will hearken to Reaſon in every Reſpect, unleſs where his Pocket is concern'd. But what News from *Delos?*

True. Why, I believe, my Love, the Marriage will now ſhortly be conſummated between his Highneſs and that Princeſs, for the Prime Miniſter of *Delos* has made him Promiſes as big as Mountains.

Sacha. And, perhaps, like the Mountain in Labour, they will bring forth a Mouſe; that is, dwindle into nothing. — But I ſuppoſe his Highneſs will be now preparing for a Voyage to *Delos.* And ſo I loſe you.

True. That has been the Queſtion in Debate. All the Arguments that the gay Lord *Modiſh* and myſelf could invent, prov'd ineffectual — He is reſolved (by what I can learn from his Diſcourſe) to eſpouſe her by Proxy, notwithſtanding the Letter intimates his Preſence at *Delos* to be altogether neceſſary.

Sacha.

Sacha. Poor Princeſs! tho' unknown, I pity her Condition; what a gallant Spouſe will ſhe have?

True. We were very plain with his Highneſs upon the Point, (for he gave us Liberty to ſpeak our Minds.)

Sacha. For God's ſake, what could he ſay for himſelf? How could he evade the Thing?——— But however 'tis indifferent to me; I ſhall have him here, I ſuppoſe, in the Afternoon.———Said he nothing of me this Morning?

True. Yes; banter'd me as uſual.

Sa. He is but little acquainted with the real Joys of Love. Did he know the Value I have for you he would envy our Happineſs, and endeavour to interrupt it.

True. I am very ſenſible of it, my charming *Sathariſſa*; and therefore think it better you ſhould diſſemble your Eſteem for me before Company. As we are thoroughly acquainted with each others Inclinations.

Sacha. I ſhall obey your Commands, as long as you think proper, but throw away the Mask when you deſire me.

AIR X. Sweet are the Charms, *&c.*

The pleaſing Tranſports that I bear,
Nor Thought can form, or Tongue declare;
No Pomp, or Grandeur e'er ſhall move
The well-fix'd Baſis of my Love;
For ever in thoſe Arms I'll lie,
And melt away in Ecſtacy.

True.

True. *For Joys that* Sachariſſa *gives:*
Kings might their Crowns and Scepters leave;
Such ſoft, ſuch charming Excellence
As this o'er-powers my raviſh'd Senſe:
Ye Gods, what Pleaſures can compare!
With thoſe that center in my Fair?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Publick Walks *before the Prince's Palace.*

Melinda *and* Sachariſſa *walking.*

Mel. Well, my dear, have you ſeen your Lover to Day.

Sacha. Lover, my dear, what Lover? I don't know who you mean.

Mel. Why you don't think, Child, that I ſtop my Eyes and Ears, any more than the reſt of the World? 'Tis the common Talk of all Companies that you have ſmitten the Prince

Sacha. I am ſurpris'd, Madam, at your Diſcourſe, and thought *Melinda* had known better; ſure my Lord *Modiſh* keeps you ſtrangely in the Dark, or elſe you muſt have heard that the Prince is contracted to the Princeſs of *Delos*, and all Matters are ſettled as to that Point.

Mel. What you ſay, Madam, may be very true, but yet 'tis confidently reported that your Charms keep him at home, and divert his intended Voyage.

Sacha. My Charms, *Melinda*; ſurely you are mad; it may be the Charms of his Money or Intereſt perhaps, for I believe you are not inſenſible

that

that Beauty has no Influence over him when it comes in Competition with Gold.

Mel. I'll tell you, *Sacharissa*, notwithstanding all his niggardly Tricks, had Fortune been as favourable to me as she has to you, I should not question making something of him.

Sacha. I make something of him, his Bags and him too are my Aversion: We must be oblig'd to bear with Impertinence sometimes, though it proceeds only from our Equals, much more from our Sovereign.

Mel. I never had the Honour of a Visit from him above once, and then my Lord *Modish* brought him; he treated us with Cheese-Cakes, and one poor Bottle of meagre Wine, tip'd the Maid a Shilling, and so went off.

Sacha. Why do you want him again if he serv'd you in that Manner?

Mel. Because I should entertain great Hopes of taking him in the critical Minute, Child, when his Heart is open.

Sacha. If you wait for that, Madam, you may stay long enough. I am afraid 'tis more than the poor Princess, who is destin'd to his Arms, will ever find; otherwise his Heart would be open to find Money to pay her a Visit.

Mel 'Tis an unusual Thing for our Sex to pity each other, but this unfortunate Lady raises my Compassion, doubtless (being the Daughter of so mighty a Monarch) she must live in all the Gaiety and Grandeur that the World can afford, and won't be able to brook our Way of Life here.

Sacha. No, I believe, *Melinda*, she won't relish Butter and Cheese very well at first.——Why she's a prodigious Fortune they say, and keeps as many Servants in Livery now, as the Prince does.

Mel.

Mel. I ſuppoſe ſhe has Money enough, or elſe (as you obſerve) he would not marry her, and as for the Retinue he'll ſoon curtail that when he gets her once here.

AIR XI. Of all the ſimple Things we do, *&c.*

How bleſs'd are Maids who freely enjoy
Whatever their Fancy allows,
But ſoon as entrap'd in Cupid's Decoy
Are Slaves to an ill-natur'd Spouſe;
We ſtruggle to break thro' the Snare,
In vain when once we're got in,
We fret and tare, and fume and ſwear,
But cannot get out of the Gin.

Sacha. 'Tis very true, Madam; but if we ſtumble upon a good-natured Husband, that makes amends for our State of Servitude.

Mel. Yes, my Dear, but where is ſuch an one to be found, that you know is very precarious.

Sacha. Seldom amongſt Kings or Princes, Fops or Fools. (*Aſide*, but thanks to my good Genius 'tis my happy Fortune to be bleſt with one.)

Mel. No, I am of your Opinion, Madam: The firſt are generally too proud according to the Poet, *Love and Majeſty but ill agree*: The third too fantaſtical; and the very Name of the fourth beſpeaks what he is.

Sacha. Where a mutual Correſpondence of Hearts is to be found, a Marriage-State to be ſure muſt be very delightful.

Mel. I grant it, Madam, but how can this be between thoſe who never ſaw each other, and

are forced into the Yoke by Compulſion like brute Beaſts.

[*To them Lord* Truelove *and* Modiſh.]

Modiſh *ſinging.*

AIR XII. In vain *Belinda, &c.*

In vain God Plutus are thoſe Arts,
By which you conquer ſordid Hearts;
For Love alone I court the Dame,
No groveling Intereſt ſtirs the Fla——me,
No groveling, &c.

Ladies your moſt obedient, moſt obſequious humble Servant. I am proud to ſee two ſuch bright Stars to guild our Hemeſphere.

Mel. Your Lordſhip is always ſo very full of Compliment, that 'tis beyond our weak Apprehenſion to return it.

Mod. All the Returns your whole Sex can make, will fall ſhort, exceeding ſhort of my Deſert. 'Tis I, Madam, the incomparable Lord *Modiſh*, who am the Ladies Champion, and defend their Cauſe againſt all Oppoſers.

True. How does my dear *Sachariſſa* (*Aſide*, But I forgot faith; well ſince it is out e'en let it go.)

Sacha. What do you mean, my Lord, by this Freedom? I am ſure I never eat or drank any thing at your Expence yet, nor ever intended it.

Mod. Pray, Madam, don't be ſo cruel, the Prince has banter'd my Lord enough already this Morning: Split me if it does not give me the Head-

Head-ach to ſee how cold you look upon him who loves you ſo tenderly.

Mel. Be a little more kind, pray Child, you may be the Death of his Lordſhip elſe for ought I know; I am ſure he ſeems to be very much waſted within a ſmall Compaſs of Time.

True. taking Sachariſſa *by the Hand.*] We will, my charming *Sachariſſa*, pull off the Viſor and unmask.

[*Turning to Lord* Modiſh *and* Melinda: Behold then, my Lord, no longer the coy, diſdainful *Sachariſſa*, but the kind and virtuous Lady *Truelove*: We thought proper to conceal it hitherto for particular Reaſons; but, as Affairs ſtand, will unravel our Deſign to *Melinda* and your Lordſhip, if you can keep a Secret.

Mel. And muſt I call you Lady *Truelove?*

Sacha. That is indeed my Name, ſince my Lord is pleas'd I ſhould own it.

Mod. I wiſh ye both Joy. This indeed is an agreeable Surprize; may ten thouſand Bleſſings attend you till the Day of your Diſſolution.

[*Saluting* Sachariſſa.

Mel. I join with his Lordſhip in his good Wiſhes.

True. and Sachariſſa.] We thank you both.

True. I would adviſe your Lordſhip, as you have been ſo long acquainted with the fair *Melinda*, to follow my Example, and then we will enter into a mutual Confedracy how to make the moſt of the Prince in his preſent Poſture of Affairs. But let all this be kept private from him, or elſe all our Meaſure ars broken at once.

Mod. If the fair one will conſent. [*Going to* Melinda, *and with a low Bow, taking her by the Hand.*]

Mel. Your Lordſhip knows 'tis out of my Power to deny you any Thing.

True. Both agreed then. I think, my Lord, you have choſen the wiſeſt Method; the Life of a fix'd Lover is much happier than that of a Rover.

Mod Pulling out his Watch.] Let me ſee, Eleven a Clock. [*To* Melinda.] The next Hour inſtead of *Melinda*, ſhall ſalute you Lady *Modiſh*—— I hope your Lordſhip, and the fair *Sacharſſa* (for I ſhall call her by that Name to prevent Diſcovery, till your Lordſhip directs otherwiſe) will be ſo kind as to be preſent at the Solemnity, which ſhall inſtantly be perform'd as private as poſſible.

True. We will wait on your Lordſhip. [*Sings.*]

AIR XIII. O my Treaſure, &c.

O the Pleaſure,
Above Meaſure,
O the Joy and ſweet Delight!
Can ought below
Such Bliſs beſtow
As conſtant Hearts when they unite.
When they unite.

Sacha. *Let dull Princes*
Feaſt their Senſes
With ſtuff'd Bags of yellow Ore:
For ſuch dear Kiſſes,
[Kiſſing each other.
And Careſſes,
We deſpiſe the Muckworm's Store.
The Muckworm's Store.
[Exeunt.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE *changes to* Delos. *The Princeſs* Seraphina's *Apartment.*

The Princeſs *and* Hamilla.

AIR XIV. Virgins are like the fair Flower.

WHY is dear Liberty baniſh'd from Princes,
That Bleſſing the meaneſt Subjects enjoy:
Reaſons of State, and politick Pretences
Where firſt invented true Love to deſtroy.
Muſt I reſign up my Charms, tho' unwilling,
And fall a Victim to one that I hate?
Reverſe, O ye Powers! a Sentence ſo killing,
But if not reverſe it, yet pity my Fate.

My deareſt *Hamilla*, what ſhall I do? I am deſtin'd as a publick Victim to the Arms of one I can never like; to one who has never ſhewn me the leaſt Mark of his Eſteem, or paid me the uſual Complaiſance that the Generality of our Sex expect.

Ham. I commiſerate your Royal Highneſs's Condition very much, and wiſh it were in my Power to do ſomething more than pity——But who is the Projector of this Match?

Princeſs.

Princeſs. Who ſhould but the Author of all Miſchief, the old ſubtle *Sejanus.*

Ham. Indeed, my Princeſs, I had but little Occaſion to ask; for as you obſerve, all publick and private Evils take their Riſe from that Fountain. But I ſuppoſe when he firſt communicated the Matter he gave you a Sweetner as uſual.

Princeſs. Yes, yes, plenty of fine Promiſes.

Ham. But take care you don't find Scarcity of Performances. (Your Highneſs will pardon my Freedom.)

Princeſs. Very likely ſo indeed, *Hamilla.* Yet if he could fulfil them all in every Point it would be no Satisfaction to me——without the Man I love.

Ham. True, my Princeſs; but in what manner did the old Fox gild his Pill over.

Princeſs. He began his Harangue firſt, how much he had my Intereſt, and our Royal Family's, at Heart.

Ham. And, poor Man, never conſider'd his own all the while to be ſure: But I beg pardon for interrupting you.

Painceſs. You ſhall hear: That it would be for the Benefit of the whole Nation to ſee the Princeſs of *Delos* married to Prince *Flavius*: That he knew no other Prince in the World ſo proper as him at preſent, becauſe the others were all Idolators, and ſo conſequently excluded by our Laws.

Ham. And had he met with his Deſerts our Laws would have excluded him long enough ago from having any concern with them.

Princeſs. I am of your Opinion, *Hamilla.* Then ſays he as to Fortune you ſhan't want for that, 'tis but ask and have; you ſhall in that reſpect equalize, if not ſurpaſs, the greateſt Princeſs in the World.

Ham.

Ham. I believe their may be ſomewhat of Truth in that, for as he has the Command of the Treaſury, ſo 'tis in his Power to procure what Money he pleaſes.

Princeſs. The State of this Life, adds he, is very uncertain and unſettled. Your Brothers may die, and then the Crown of *Delos* falls to you, and doubtleſs you will be better able to ſuſtain ſuch a Weight with a Partner, than alone. One of our Princeſſes before divided her Crown with an illuſtrious Anceſtor of this Prince, and during his Adminiſtration *Delos* was a very flouriſhing Kingdom. Tho', as every Age grows wiſer, ſince I have had the Government of Affairs, we ſomewhat exceed that Time, which is entirely owing to my Care and Induſtry.

Ham. I thought ſomething of his own ſweet ſelf muſt come in at laſt: Monſtrous Impudence when every one ſees we are in a ten times worſe Condition now than we were all the Time he ſpake of.

Princeſs. To conclude, upon mature Deliberation, when you come ſeriouſly to reflect you will thank me, ſays he, for the great Services I have done you in this Affair.——And ſo he left me.

Ham. A very fine Concluſion indeed, thank him, for what, nothing, as I can gueſs, unleſs 'tis for being inſtrumental to your Ruin. That Villain, my Princeſs, has ruined more People than all the preceeding Miniſters that ever went before him; his whole Study and Delight is to render Mankind unhappy.

AIR XV. When first I laid Siege to my *Chloris.*

How happy would Delos *have been,*
How happy would Delos *have been,*
Had she made him swing
In a strong Hempen String,
Before his curs'd Schemes she had seen.

The very Thoughts of him disorder me.

Princess. I wish indeed, *Hamilla,* that an Hempen String had been his Portion, before he propos'd this distasteful Match; must I who am a Princess be a Slave to his capricious Humour, and be disposed of as he thinks fit.

Ham. Your Highness's Condition in that Respect is indeed deplorable.

Princess. The Thoughts of it, *Hamilla,* torment me Night and Day; but I will now try and compose myself for an Hour [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Sejanus's *Palace.*

Sejanus, *Lord* Cringe, Supple, Easy, *and* Trimmer.

Sejanus *hugging himself with his Arms across.*

AIR XVI. Of all the Girls in our Town, *&c.*

'Tis these broad Shoulders that sustain,
Of ample Government the Rein,
In spight of all their snarling Crew.
Whatever I say shall be right,
That White is Black, and Black is White;

Let

Let proſtrate Delos *Homage pay*
To great Sejanus's *powerful Sway,*
And grant what's to his Merit due.

Trim. [*aſide.*] Then it would quickly hang you up, for I am ſure you merit it enough, faith.

[*They all advance towards him, bowing low.*]

Cringe. Thrice welcome to Town again moſt noble *Sejanus.* We were in continual Pain for you the whole Time of your Progreſs for fear any Misfortune ſhould attend your Honour.

Trim. [*aſide.*] I was in more Pain for my Penſion, faith, otherwiſe his Honour might have went to the Devil for me.

Sej. I am return'd ſafe, my Lord, you plainly ſee, but you might have kept your Uneaſineſs on on that Account to yourſelf, for I (according to the Poet, laying his Hands on his Hips,)

Major ſum, quam cui poſſit fortuna nocere.

Sup. The dazzling Height of Glory that your Honour is arrived at, doubtleſs exalts you above the Caprice of Fortune; we feared not what Man could do unto you, but our conſtant Prayers accompany'd you for fear of any ſupernatural Calamity.

Trim. [*aſide.*] He has tranſacted Villanies enough indeed to call down a ſpeedy Vengeance on his Head.

Eaſy. Our Fate is involv'd in your Excellency's, and our lives wrapt up in yours.

Trim. [*aſide.*] That's the whole Truth of the Matter indeed, *Eaſy*; for was he to die we ſhould in all likelihood want Subſiſtance, and ſo be ſtarved, therefore our lives may truly be ſaid to depend on his.

Cringe. Your Honour has deſervedly gained the Top-round of Glory and Preferment, and now, like the Sun, ſcatter your benign Influence amongſt us poor Mortals.

Trim. [*aſide.*] And may he reach the Top-round of a Ladder in order to be turn'd of a Gallows.

Sej. I have all the Reaſon in the World to hope for the Protection of Heaven, ſince the many good Actions I have done my Country not only call for it, but (if I may be allowed to uſe the Expreſſion) merit it.

Sup. If ever any Mortal on this Side the Grave did, your Honour is the only one.

Eaſy. Is not your Honour too much fatigued to aſſiſt in Council to-day: pray take care of that precious Life.

Sej. What doſt mean, *Eaſy*, am I not always indefatigable in aſſiſting my Country?

Trim. [*aſide.*] Yes, to ruin it you have for many Years.

Sup. The Board ſits, and waits only for your Honour.

Sej. I go. [*Exit.*

Manent Lord Cringe, Supple, Eaſy *and* Trimmer.

Cringe. Rot me if I would have come near him only he promiſed to augment my Penſion as ſoon as he returned.

Sup. A Reaſon of the ſame Nature drew me hither too, for I ſaw his Secretary minute me down for the next Commiſſion that dropt, and Col. *Kill-man* has been dead theſe three Days.

Eaſy. He has provided handſomely enough for me already, and I am contented for ſome Time, though he has not been backward in promiſing me

me greater Things, and I'll truſt to him a little while.

Trim. So wont I any longer. He has promis'd to increaſe my Salary for this Year laſt paſt, and never perform'd it. He ſent for me juſt before his laſt Project came upon the Carpet, and ſaid, If I could but colour it over ſo as to make it take, ſomething very handſome ſhould be done for me, but as yet I find nothing coming, and therefore if he is not very ſpeedy in his Performance I'll turn and write againſt him for the future.

Eaſy. Let us all have a little Patience, and we ſhall ſee what's to be done.

Sup. I have a great Mind to apply to him to apply to him to be made Chamberlain of the Princeſs Royal's Houſhold.

Cringe. What, is not that Matter ſettled yet?

Sup. No, my Lord, her Servants are to be named next Week.

Eaſy. I don't think that Place will be advantageous: For they ſay Prince *Flavius* is much of a Nigard; and beſides, you muſt go over to live in his Principality; and in my Opinion 500 *l. per Annum* in *Delos* is preferable to 1000 *l.* in his Country.

Cringe. What ſay ye, Gentlemen, to a Glaſs of Wine? They have lately broach'd a Pipe of excellent old Port at the *Rummer.*

All. With all our Hearts, my Lord.

[*Exe mnes.*

SCENE *changes to the* Rummer Tavern.

Lord Cringe, Supple, Eaſy, *and* Trimmer, *Bottles and Glaſſes before them,*

Cringe. [*Taking up a Glaſs of Wine and drinking.*] I hope, Gentlemen, I have not baulk'd your Expectations, I think the Wine is very good and palatable.

Sup. Delicious Wine indeed, my Lord. [*drinkink.*] As we are all here, and Penſioners to *Sejanus*, let us unbend ourſelves, and be a little gay; if we ſpend all our Money he can and muſt find us more.

Eaſy. Agreed, I am always for forwarding Mirth, and ſo will begin with a Song.

AIR XVII. Here's to the my Boy:

'Tis we that command
The Wealth of the Land,
'Tis the Penſioner picks up the Pence;
picks up the Pence;
Altho' he tranſacts
Many villainous Facts,
And cheats both his Country and Prince,
And ch——ats both his Country and Prince.

Sup. No, don't let us term it cheating; we are only a little ſharper than the reſt of our Countrymen, that's all.

Cringe. Ay, ay, born with a few more Brains than the Vulgar.

AIR

AIR XVIII. If *Claret* be a Bleſſing.

Good Sence it is a Bleſſing
To us peculiar given,
All Men in vain
Expect to claim
This choiceſt Gift of Heaven;
It us ſupplies
With Store of Lies
To maintain our Maſter's Scheme;
By this Art
We play our Part
And can write on every Theme.

Sup. Very good, my Lord, yes our Parts ſupply us with Matter to defend any Cauſe, and 'tis a great Bleſſing indeed that our Intellects are ſo good, for Liars ought to have good Memories.

Cringe. No, not Liars, ſoften it a little; we are Enlargers, that is, our Capacities can ſtretch as wide as our Conſciences.

Sup. Enlargers is a more proper Word I own, my Lord.

Trim. But, Gentlemen, let us wave this Diſcourſe for the preſent, we have been diſcanting long enough on our own peculiar Faculties; I am for a little Talk about this Prince *Flavius*; how do ye think he'll turn out?

Cringe. Upon my Word, Sir, I cannot inform you, the Proof of the Pudding's in ſpending you know.——But they ſay he made the Gentleman a very handſome Preſent that inveſted him with the Badges of Honour our King conferred on him.

Sup.

Sup. Why thoſe Badges of Honour advance him no higher than to be a Companion of our Maſter's; and as he is the richeſt of the two, ſo I don't take Prince *Flavius* to be ſo great a Man as *Sejanus*.

Eaſy. Nor I; our Maſter doubtleſs can buy two of him.

Trim. The Marriage I think has been along time in Hand. I have had a Panegyrick upon this Prince by me for theſe two Months, ready to ſalute him at landing. Though I can't ſay I know much of him, only what my luxuriant Fancy produces, for according to your Song, my Lord *Cringe*,

It us ſupplies
With Store of Lies, &c.

Sup. Next time I get my Maſter in a good Humour, I'll put on a bold Face, and ask him whether Prince *Flavius* comes or not.

Eaſy. Come, to be ſure, he'll come, or elſe it will be a very great Affront to all *Delos* in general, and the Princeſs in particular.

Trim, So 'twill, faith; and if he does not come it muſt proceed either from an ill-tim'd Frugality, or diſreſpect to the Lady.

Cringe. Moſt People indeed lug out at the Time of Courtſhip, if they are ever ſo ſaving afterwards.

Eaſy. 'Tis very unaccountable; we may all gueſs long enough before we form a right Conjecture of Prince *Flavius*'s Remiſſneſs.—I might indeed have called it Rudeneſs, and ſo I would were I not a Penſioner.

Cringe. I believe, Gentlemen, 'tis time to call the Reckoning. The Council will break up very

very ſoon, and we muſt be ready to attend *Sejanus*'s Levee.

Sup. We muſt take particular Care of that indeed, or elſe we may be turn'd out.

AIR XIX. A Shepherd kept Sheep, *&c.*

To ſerve and be ſerv'd is a Penſioner's State,
Fa la la, *&c.*
Tho' here we command, yet there we muſt wait,
Fa la la, *&c.*
This Hour we ſuck in good Wine at our Leiſure,
But next muſt attend on Sejanus's *Pleaſure,*
Fa la la, *&c.*

All. 'Tis true, let us be going.

SCENE *changes to* Sejanus's *Cloſet, in his Aprartment.*

Sejanus *ſolus.*

'Tis a tickliſh Point; we have been diſcuſſing, and has been long in Hand, but I am reſolv'd I'll have it my own Way let what will be the Conſequence. What care I for the Kingdom, if I can but have my own Humour? But I'll ring for *Sly*, and know what Letters are arrivid ſince my Progreſs: I wonder Prince *Flavius* neglects to write ſo long, ſure he's very remiſs [*Rings the Bell.*

Enter Sly.

What Letters have I below.

Sly. I'll bring them to your Honour immediately. [*Exit* Sly, *and returns with a Packet of Letters.*

Sej.

Sej. Is this all?

Sly. Nothing more, pleaſe your Honour: But the great Hall below is already ful of Dependants, tho' your Honour has not been within above half an Hour.

Sej. Who are they all, or what are they?

Sly. Some, pleaſe your Honour, are laughing, ſome ſinging, and others ſecretly (for I can gueſs by the Poſition of their Mouth) curſing, notwithſtanding 'tis in your own Houſe —— As far as I can gueſs by the Number already come, and the continual Flocks of others coming, your Honour may have about a Ream of Petitions.

Sej. You know ſome of them, don't you?

Sly. They are as thick as Bees; your Honour's Houſe I think is like a Snow-ball, always gathering: I can't recollect many of them, but I think I obſerv'd Lord *Cringe*, *Supple*, *Eaſy* and *Trimmer*.

Sej. Let them wait my Leiſure. [*Exit* Sly.

Sej. reading.] But 5000*l.* for making up the Match. Why that's but a ſmall *Premium*, it will hardly purchaſe me a Borough as Times go; however, all is Fiſh that comes Net, I muſt take it, for in all likelihood I ſhall have a greater Occaſion for Money than ever I had, to expend at the enſuing Elections. The Generality of the People ſeem to be ſtubborn, and ſo conſequently may want a great deal of Softening. For as the Song ſays,

AIR XX. 'Tis Woman that ſeduces all, *&c.*

'Tis Money that ſeduces all Mankind,
In City, Court, and Country, that's the Cry;
For that we tempt the Seas, and brave the Wind,
There's none but will be ſold if you can buy.

The

The Parſon ſells you Prayers, the Lawyer ſell you Lies.
The pretty Lady ſells her magic Ring;
The Doctor ſells you Death, he's a Fool that buys:
The Stateſman ſells his Country and his King.

I muſt indeed now try the Power of Gold, as the Nation is pretty much exaſperated, if that won't moderate their Reſentment nothing will. I will now refreſh myſelf with a Glaſs of Wine, and a little of *Belinda*'s Company, but muſt firſt ſhew myſelf to my Slaves.

Enter Sly.

Sly; go you and convey *Belinda* here from her Lodgings: Let her be in my Cloſet within an Hour at fartheſt

Sly. It ſhall be done. Pleaſe your Honour [*Goes to the Door and turns back.*] what Dreſs would your Honour have her come in, Widow's-Weeds, or like a Clergyman's Widow, or like a Country Lady with a Whip in her Hand, and in a Riding-Habit, as juſt come off a Journey?

Sej. What did ſhe come in laſt?

Sly. If your Honour pleaſe to recollect, you where in a great Hurry for her. I found Madam in an Undreſs (and you order'd me to bring her juſt as ſhe was) ſo that ſhe had not Time to put on her Stays, and came in a Pair of Night-Pinners, and a blue Damask Wrapper; but as I told your Honour how a ſaucy Raſcal attack'd her in the Chair, ſuppoſing her to be a Whore, ſo you ſaid ſhe ſhould never come in ſuch a ſuſpicious Dreſs any more.

Sej. True. Let her put on her Widow's-Weeds (for ſhe will have Time enough now to dreſs) and come with a Petition in her Hand, ſo amongſt

ſuch a Crowd of People ſhe may eaſily get up Stairs unſuſpected, as ſhe knows the Houſe. Set the Room to Rights a little, and put a Bottle of *Champaign* upon the Table, that ſhe may have a Glaſs of Wine in readineſs. [*Exit.* Sejanus.

Sly. I will not be his Pimp any longer, if he uſes me in this Manner; the Moment a leacherous Thought comes into his Head, I muſt be diſpatch'd away for his Whore. This is the ſecond Time he has ſerv'd me ſo on a publick Day, ſo that I loſe all my Veils. There's Lord *Cringe*, *Supple*, *Eaſy* and *Trimmer*, all of them promis'd me Money, if they met with any Succeſs, and before I can return they will all be gone; curſe his old ſalacious Head, as if he could not have ſtaid till he had ſent away his Sycophants.

AIR XXI. A Cobler there was, *&c.*

In Love, and in Politicks, Maſter muſt rule,
In either he hates to find any Controul;
As ſoon as ——*ſtands, I muſt fetch him a Spouſe,*
And his Schemes muſt paſs current though not worth a (*Louſe.*
Derry down down, hey derry down.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Sejanus's *Hall of State.*

Lord Cringe, Supple, Eaſy, Trimmer, *with a Crowd of Petitioners. Upon* Sejanus's *Entry they all advance towards him bowing low, and offering their Petitions.*

Sej. takes the Petitions and folds them up.] Can I be of Service to my Friends in any Reſpect? Let them

them Name it, and ſee how ready I ſhall be to ſerve them; I thank kind Heaven that I was born for the good of my Country in general, and of my Friends in particular.

Cringe. advancing towards him, bowing low] If your Honour pleaſes to recollect a little, before you went your laſt Progreſs, you were ſo good as to promiſe———

Sej. Your Lordſhip in never out of my Thoughts. I'll take care.

Sup. If your Honour would be ſo good as to call to mind; that on *Midſummer-Day* laſt you engaged———

Sej. You are always next my Heart, and have no Occaſion to repeat.

Eaſy. Contrary I preſume to your Honour's Knowledge I have received no Addition to my Penſion ſince———

Sej. Yor Welfare conſtantly exerciſes my Thought: You ſhall have no Reaſon to complain.

Trim. The Article of the *Exciſe Scheme* as yet remains unſettled, although, purſuant to your Honour's Order, I have from Time to Time waited on your Steward, but to no———

Sej. That you know miſcarried, ſo the leſs muſt content you; but you ſhall find me grateful.

Trim. Pleaſe your Honour, I have a Wife and large Family, which oblige me to be preſſing for—

Sej. I hope they are all well; you ſhall be ſatisfy'd according to your Merrits; but you ſee at preſent I have other Affairs of Importance to tranſact.

Trim. I hope your Honour will pardon me—— that's impoſſible as my Family is ſtarving, ſo 'tis a Matter of the higheſt Importance to relieve the Diſtreſſed.

Sej. Any other Time but the preſent.

Trim. I muſt be obliged to turn again if your Honour does not think proper to——

Sej. Bid *Scribble* give you a Bank Bill of 20*l.* at preſent.

Trim. I juſt now intimated to your Honour, that I had often been with him, but to no Purpoſe; I muſt turn a Penny ſome Way or other: If your Remiſſneſs obliges me to write on the other Side of the Queſtion I ſhall lay you——

Sej. Bring me a Pen and Ink [*Exit, and returns with Pens, Ink and Paper.* Sejanus *writes and gives him a Note.*] There, will that content you.

Trim. God bleſs your Honour, you ſhall ſee what a Gloſs I'll put upon Things.

[*Bowing low, and withdrawing.*

Sej. I will take care, Gentlemen, of all your Concerns, and endeavour to gratify you as far as lies in my Power, you will excuſe my Abſence, becauſe I am obliged to be at Court.

[*Exit* Sejanus.

SCENE *changes to the* Rummer-Tavern *again.*

Lord Cringe, Supple, Eaſy, *and* Trimmer.

Trim. I'll be a Bottle extraordinary with all my Heart: When Times go well I am a generous Soul.

Cringe. But how did you manage him?

Sup. I am ſeldom fortunate.

Eaſy. Come have a little Patience, we ſhall put the Harneſs upon the right Horſe by and by I'll warrant ye.

Trim.

Trim. Manage him, why I told him flat and plain, that without a preſent Gratuity I muſt be oblig'd to turn.

Cringe. So you frighten'd him into Compliance.

Trim. I could diſcover ſuch a Scene of Villany, my Friends, as would make your Hairs ſtand an End to hear it.

Sup. So he gave you a Sweetner to ſtop your Mouth.

Trim. Ay, that's the Caſe, I have him under the Hatches as much or more than he has me. Come, let's be merry. [*Drinks to* Eaſy.

AIR XXII. Come brave Boys let's fill our Glaſſes, *&c.*

Here's to the my Boy——a Brimmer,
All the World ſhould quickly ſay,
Sejanus *truckles to a* Trimmer,
If his Pocket did not pay.
Tol, lol, loral, loral, *&c.*

Eaſy. I am glad to ſee you ſo merry, Sir, I hope 'twill be our Turn in Time.

Cringe. And may it be very ſhortly, or I muſt lay down great Part of my Equipage.

Trim. I'll mount *Pegaſus* now, and ſoar aloft quite out of Sight.

Sup. And I'll mount old *Grout*, and ride quite off, for I can't ſtand it much longer unleſs he'll draw his Purſe-ſtrings. A State of Dependance in itſelf is bad enough, but to have no ſuitable Recompence is the Devil.

Cringe. Let us make an Agreement to petition him but once more, and if he does not anſwer our Expectations, let us all turn. I don't

ſpeak

ſpeak to you *Trimmer*, for he has rivited you pretty firm to his Intereſt.

Trim. Nay, I'll come into thoſe Meaſure as ſoon as any of you; if I can reap any Advantage from them.

Eaſy. He muſt comply with our Demands to ſecure ſeveral Boroughs.

Cringe. That's right, and ſince he has put us off from time to time let us enhance the Price of our Votes and Intreſt.

Trim. I tell ye, if you have a Mind to accompliſh your Ends, you muſt puſh home, not mince the Matter, but tell him in plain Terms, if he won't lug out you will do none of his dirty Work any longer.

Cringe. I want to get a fix'd Penſion for Life without any Limitation or Reſtriction.

Sup. 'Tis impoſſible to obtain that; why you muſt be p——'d a thouſand Times, and be able to bring as many Votes to an Election before you can be entitled to ſuch a Favour.

Eaſy. Well, I think enough of this. Let us take Care only for the Time preſent, the Morrow will take Care for itſelf; we came here to be merry, and the Time is but ſhort. [*Drinking.*

AIR XXIII. Come Neighbours, *&c.*

While the Sun ſhines let us make Hay,
And drink away, whilſt we may,
And drink away, whiſt we ma——y,
Regardleſs of the enſuing Day:
Let every Man fill up his Glaſs,
He that flinches is an Aſs;

And

And when you find,
Sejanus *kind,*
Sejanus *kind,*
Let not that Moment paſs.

CHORUS

Then we'll toſs of our Bowls,
We'll toſs of our Bowls,
For his Cauſe, whilſt we're zealous,
To all clean biting Knaves,
To all clean, clean, clean biting Knaves,
And the STATESMAN *of* Delos.

Trim. I'll go and acquaint my Wife and Family with my good Fortune.

Cringe. Let us break up, the Bottle's out.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE *changes to* Sejanus's *Cloſet.*

Sejanus *and* Belinda.

Sej. ſaluting her.] How does my Charmer? I have not ſeen thee, my pretty little Dear, for this Age I think.

Bel. I am glad to find your Honour return'd from your Progreſs. You promis'd me to be back in a Week, but have forfeited your Word in that reſpect. [*Taking him round the Neck.*] You did not leave me Money enough, my Dear, I was oblig'd to borrow two Guineas of an old Acquaintance.

Sej. Very well Love, [*Chucking her under the Chin.*] I will give you Money to diſcharge that Debt.

Bel. I'm much obliged to your Honour: I don't know how it is, but of late I am vaſt uneaſy

eaſy when you undertake any Journey, for fear you ſhould come to any Harm.

Sej. What Harm, my Dear, who dare hurt thy *Sejanus*?

Bel. I know you have Power enough to cruſh all your open Enemies, but then you have a great many private Foes, that are always upon the Watch to do you Miſchief.

Sej. I neither fear nor value their Malice, publick or private.

Bel. Your Adverſaries are daily increaſing, my Dear; you have twice the Number of Enemies ſince that unlucky Scheme as you had before.

Sij. Why 'twas an unfortunate Project, but ſince 'tis paſt there's no recalling it.

Bel. Then I have no Patience to hear their Skits whilſt you were gone: An impudent Fellow that writes the News, publiſhed a ſcandalous Letter, wherein he compares you to a Quack.

Sej. There's a Love [*Kiſſing her.*] for telling me all the News; but how could he make his Aſſertions good?

Bel. Why, he ſaid, that you cur'd one King of a Looſneſs, and an Emperor of a Diſtemper; I don't know what they call it, of an Attachment to his Neighbours.

Sej Never vex thyſelf, my Favourite, about ſuch Trifles as thoſe, they are beneath the mighty *Sejanus*'s Reſentment.

Bel. Seeming to cry.] I am ſure I was as much concern'd as if I had been your Wife.

Sej. Dry up thoſe precious Tears, all of them put together cannot hurt thy *Sejanus*.

Bel. So I will, and be merry too, ſince I'm along with you.——— My dear *Sejanus*, does

Prince

Prince *Flavius* come over againſt the Time or not.

Sej. You ſhould never ask me any State Queſtions. What will it ſignify to you if he does or does not.

Bel. Kiſſing him.] You ſhan't be angry, I did but ask becauſe People talk ſo very much about it.

Sej. He is but a ſluggiſh Lover indeed, my Dear, not half ſo vigorous as thy *Sejanus*[*ſqueezing her.*] though much younger; that Affair has cauſed me a great deal of Pains, and but little Profit; but I think I am ſomewhat fatigued, let us go in to my Chamber, and lay down a little while.

Bel. I will, but you muſt promiſe me one Thing firſt.

Sej. What's that, my Dear, any thing that is in my Power.

Bel. Why then, as the Princeſs's Houſhold is going to be ſettled, get me to be one of the Ladies of her Bedchamber: I know you have Intereſt enough to accompliſh it, and I have Merit enough to deſerve it, at leaſt your Endeavours towards it for paſt Favours.

Sej. Well, my Dear, we'll ſee what's to be done [*Taking her by the Hand to lead her out ſhe draws back a little.*]

Bel. But will you promiſe me faithfully. If I can be provided for in that Manner, I ſhall have no Occaſion to be ſo chargeable to you.

Sej. Ay, ay, my Dear, any thing in the World. [*Leading her along.*

AIR XXIV. Conforza Scoza, &c.

Sej. *Whate'er you ask, my Dear, can I deny thee,*
Since greatly to prize thee,
Thy Beauty invites;
Thoſe tempting Charms
My Senſes alarms,
'Tis Heaven itſelf to lie in thoſe Arms.——
Bel. *That heavenly Delight,*
I fear before Night,
Will quite be forgotten as ſoon as enjoy'd;
The Promiſſes made,
Will ſoon be betray'd,
When with this tranſient Pleaſure you're cloy'd.
[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE *the Firſt.* Sachariſſa's *Apartment.*

Prince Flavius, Lord Truelove, Modiſh, Sachariſſa, *and* Melinda.

Prince Flavius.

I Could not paſs this Way without paying my Reſpects to the fair *Sachariſſa.*

Sach. I am much obliged to your Highneſs for this Favour; but preſume that my Apartment does not lie in the Road to *Delos.*

Prince. What of *Delos*, my charming Fair? 'tis the Haven of my Deſires, and I think that is ſufficient.

Sacha. Your Highneſs muſt excuſe me; but by ſuch Expreſſions I think you very much affront the moſt illuſtious Princeſs you are contracted to.

Prince. How ſo, my *Sachariſſa*, 'tis the Bands of Intereſt that contract me to her, and not of Inclination.

Sacha. Then I think your Highneſs is to blame to eſpouſe her.

Prince. What! to blame for eſpouſing ſuch a Fortune; no, it will be the wiſeſt Thinh

that I can poſſible do; but however that won't cool my Paſſion for you in the leaſt.

Sacha, Your Highneſs now ſpeaks unintelligibly, I do not know what you mean.

Prince. True Love needs no Explanation.

Sacha. Your Highneſs never expreſſed yourſelf in this Manner before: Such Language would be better beſtow'd on the Princeſs of *Delos*.

Prince. It ſuits the fair *Sachariſſa* as well.

Sacha. If it were poſſible that I could flatter myſelf ſo far as to think your Highneſs in earneſt (yet 'tis now too late) I ſhould be entirely for engroſſing the Heart of the Man I loved to myſelf, and could not bear a divided Affection.

Prince. My Heart, charming *Sachariſſa*, is altogether yours, though I am obliged for Intereſt, and Reaſons of State, to deliver up my Hand to another, but yet that does not prejudice the Eſteem I have entertained for you.

Sacha. Then you muſt act very ungenerouſly by the Princeſs you are to eſpouſe, you will be her Property, and therefore cannot belong to any one elſe: Beſides, could I harbour ſuch a Thought as to believe I had the largeſt Share in your Affections; yet I obſerv'd to your Highneſs before, I could admit of no Co-partner in love.

AIR XXV. What a Plague is love, &c.

Great are the Plagues of Love
When you divide it.
How can you conſtant prove
To both, decide it?

Give

Give me the faithful Boy,
Whose Flame's entire,
Unsettl'd Hearts destroy
Love's pleasing Fire:
As the Steel to the Pole,
My constant Heart shall rowl,
To that dear constant Soul,
Always inclining.

Prince. Very fine indeed, charming *Sacharissa*; but you are mistaken in your Notion of Things.

Sacha. Your Highness must excuse me if I persist in an Opinion, which to me seems well grounded; but if you will pardon my Freedom, I will give you a little wholesome Advice, which to me, at this present Juncture of Affairs, seems very necessary for you to put in practice.

Prince. Any thing from the fair *Sacharissa* needs no Pardon or Apology; but let me hear what it is, and I'll follow it as far as lies in my Power.

Sacha. 'Tis, I am sure, what all your true Friends would recommend to your Highness's Consideration.

Prince. Let's hear it then, Madam, and do not keep me in suspence any longer.

Sacha. It is then in the first Place, to leave of all vain Thoughts, and seriously consider the State you are entring into, and in order to make that deserving Princess, and yourself happy resolve immediately on a Voyage to *Delos*, and give the Fair One a voluntary Specimen of your Gallantry and Esteem, and not stay till you are drag'd as it were over by Force.

Prince.

Prince. And can the fair *Sacharissa* advise me to fly from her Arms into another; impossible sure! if the Love of you did not detain me, yet that of Interest would.

AIR XXVI. Whilst I gaze on *Chloe* trembling, &c.

Can I cross the dangerous Ocean?
And those tempting Beauties shun:
[pointing to *Sacharissa.*
Could you make that hateful Motion?
Could it drop from that dear Tongue?
If thy Charms did not detain me,
Of Gold, the more prevailing Ties,
From such wild Projects should restrain me,
Was Beauties Queen to be the Prise.

Mod. I hope your Highness now won't think my Lord *Truelove*, and your humble Servant, singular in their Opinion, since this fair Lady's Sentiments, in that Point, correspond with ours.

Mel. If your Highness will give me leave to pass my Judgment, I must be of *Sacharissa*'s Opinion. 'Tis by all Means adviseable, that you should pay a Visit to the Princess, and make her a handsome Present before your Nuptials are solemnized.

Prince. Madam, I am extremely obliged to you for your good Council; I find you are very dextrous at enlarging on a Subject, if you can get the least Handle; so I must not only hazard my own Person, but perhaps to the Value of 4 or 5000 *l.* besides, or perhaps what you

you may call a handſome Preſent, may in itſelf amount to that Money.

Mel. 'Tis a Thing expected in thoſe Caſes, to offer your intended Spouſe ſomething ſuitable to her Royal Birth and Dignity.

Prince. My Lord *Truelove*, what do you ſay? I have not heard you ſpeak yet; don't you ſee they are all upon me?

True. I took the Liberty to acquainr your Highneſs the laſt Time I had the Honour of ſeeing you, with my Thoughts on the Matter.

Prince. And you would really adviſe me to throw away 4 or 5000 *l.* to appear at *Delos*, like a Butterfly in a Summer's Day.

True. I hope your Highneſs will find your Account in it at laſt: But leaſt any Thoughts of the fair *Sachariſſa* ſhould be an Hindrance to your true Intereſt [*Taking* Sachariſſa *by the Hand, and kneeling.*] here on my Knees I beg Pardon for concealing it from my Sovereign, but ſhe has been upward of this Half Year my Lady *Truelove.*

Prince. Monſtrous! You ſurprize me; I thought you had always been her Averſion; but riſe, ſince it is done, it cannot be undone, I pardon ye both, and wiſh ye happy.

True. and *Sacha. riſing.*] We thank your Highneſs, and ſhall be glad to ſpend the Remainder of our Lives in your Highneſs's Sevice.

Prince. Well, *Modiſh*, they will never catch you in that Trap I dare ſay, here's you and the beauteous *Melinda* have been jilting each other a long time.

Mod. Pleaſe your Highneſs I am entrapp'd already, and I think much to my Satisfaction,

by

by Lord *Truelove*'s Perſuaſion; *Melinda* has vouchſaf'd to change her Name to *Modiſh*.

Prince. Impoſſible! ſure it can never be.

Mel. 'Tis true indeed, I have fixed him, and hope your Highneſs will approve of it.

Prince. Modiſh married! you may as well endeavour to perſuade me the Moon's made of a Green Cheeſe.

True. Your Highneſs may depend on it as Matter of Fact, I myſelf was preſent at the Solemnity.

Prince. If you confirm it, my Lord *Truelove*, I believe it, but think it is ſomething very unaccountable.

AIR XXVII. Since all the World, *&c.*

A Man might believe the Sea dry Land,
Or ſomething more uncommon,
E'er Modiſh's *fluttering Heart could fix,*
Or ſettle on one Woman:
If, Proteus *like, all are for change,*
I may forget the paſt;
Learn freely to lug out the Coin,
And make this Voyage at laſt.

True. Your real Intereſt, my Prince is what we have been long aiming at, and if we could prevail upon you to purſue it, we ſhould think ourſelves extreamly happy.

Sacha. The chief Motive of this Declaration of our Marriage was founded on no other Reaſon than to hinder your Highneſs from amuſing your ſelf any long er with the Thoughts of one who is in the Poſſeſſion of another already.

Mod.

Mod. We are all ſtrenuous and unanimous for your Highneſs's Welfare, and our chiefeſt Ambition is faithfully to diſcharge our Duty to our Sovereign.

Mel. I ſhould eſteem it the greateſt Honour to be employ'd in the Princeſs of *Delos*'s Service.

Prince. I don't know what to ſay to ye all, but think it a ſtrange Metamorphis, and as well worth Obſervation as any of the Poets Fictions: Sure I'm in a Dream, it can be nothing elſe; *Sachariſſa* marries the Man, who, to all the World ſeem'd to be her Averſion; and that Weather-Cock *Modiſh*, who was for ſubduing the whole Female World, is now fixed to a Point.

True. If your Highneſs will condeſcend to hearken to your Servant, it would be very proper at this Time to unbend your Thoughts a little from Lucre, and ſince you have a ſufficient Affluence, make uſe of it as becomes a Prince.

Prince. What, now you are adviſing me again to a needleſs Extravagance: No, no, tho' ye are all transform'd yet as to that Point, I remain in *ſtatu quo*, and hope always ſhall.

True. I would not upon any Account intimate to your Highneſs, what might in the leaſt Prejudice your Affairs; but good Manners, Courteſy, and Compliſance plead ſtrongly in this Matter.

Prince. But, my Lord, Prudence and Frugality plead much ſtronger; yet however you have wrought more on me than any one elſe could have done, for I will conſider of it, and order my Steward to calculate the Expence;

but then here is this Preſent, that will coſt God knows what to be ſure.

True. Your Highneſs doubtleſs will procure one ſuitable to your Royal Dignity, but if you do that can't hurt you.

Prince. I'm afraid if I go over, I may do nothing elſe when I come there but ſquander away my Money in Preſents. There was an extraordinary fine Sword that I gave away the other Day to a Subject of *Delos*; it coſt me a deal of Money.

True. But all theſe Things, my Prince, will be made up to you again in your Conſort's Fortune, and then doubtleſs the King and Queen of *Delos* will give you or their Daughter, which is all the ſame, many valuable Preſents.

Prince. That's more than you or I can be certain of, my Lord, for they ſay my Mother-in-law loves Money as well as myſelf.—But that is not all, here's *Sejanus*, the Prime Miniſter, muſt have a fellow-feeling for making up the Match. I ſent him Word I would give no more than 5000 *l.* but his Conſcience, as I know 'tis pretty large, may demand 10000 *l.*

True. I thought you had already ſettled that Matter; but however a Diamond Ring of about 200 *l.* Value I think is ſufficient for him.

Prince. No, the Expreſs is not yet returned; he has been gone longer than uſual, I expect him hourly, and upon his Arrival you ſhall know more of my Mind.

Mod. May he then produce pleaſant Diſpatches for your Highneſs.

Prince. I hope he will, *Modiſh.*

Sacha. I join in my good Wiſhes too, that every thing may turn out as your Highneſs would have it.

Mel.

Mel. I hope if the Meſſenger brings favourable News, we ſhall prevail on your Highneſs.

Prince. I can't tell that yet, Madam.

Mod. Let us all hope for the beſt.

Prince. I think we have chatter'd long enough, I am now for a little Air.

True. We wait your Highneſſes Pleaſure.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE *changes to the Princeſs* Seraphina's *Apartment at* Delos.

The Princeſs *and* Hamilla.

Princeſs. Well, *Hamilla*, can you tell me how or when I am to be diſpoſed of.

Ham. That's an odd Queſtion to ask, begging your Highneſs's Pardon, who ſhould know ſo well as yourſelf.

Princeſs. I ought to know I think, *Hamilla*, but I ſuppoſe, as *Sejanus* has the ordering of it, ſo he will keep it as a Secret from me 'till juſt as the Time approaches.

Ham. Have you received no Proof yet of Prince *Flavius*'s Eſteem, by Letter or Preſent.

Princeſs. No, though I have been contracted to him theſe three Months, yet have I neither ſeen nor heard from him.

Ham. A very odd Courtier; he does not at all anſwer the Character the publick Papers give of him.

Princeſs. O that I was but left to my own Choiſe! his Indifference would be a Pleaſure to me.

Ham. They talk very warm again now of his coming.

Princeſs. So they have theſe two Months, but he continues ſtill at home, and there may he ever continue for me.

Ham. I believe your Highneſs is in no great want of him.

Princeſs. No, not I truly; if I had formed ever ſo agreeable an Idea of him, yet his Ill-Manners and Remiſſneſs, would have entirely deſtroy'd it.

Ham. One would think (if I may be allow'd to ſpeak my Mind freely) that he has not a Soul capable of that generous Paſſion, called, Love.

Princeſs. 'Tis my Opinion indeed, that he delights more in Hounds and Horſes.

Ham. They ſay that all his Dominions are not yet ſettled, ſo that in carrying him ſuch a prodigious Fortune, you will run a Riſque in having great Part of it thrown away, to purchaſe him two or three of his antient Lordſhips.

Princeſs. Sejanus ought to take care of that, he's cunning enough in moſt Things.

Ham. Sejanus won't trouble himſelf about it if the Prince tips him a Preſent, that's all he cares for.

Prince. As he has the ſole Management of the Matter, ſo to be ſure he'll procure me a good Settlement for his Reputation's Sake.

Ham. Reputation's Sake! He does not value Reputation, nor any thing elſe but Money.

AIR XXVIII. The Modes of the Court.

'Tis Gold alone employs all his Care,
For that he labours Night and Day,
If he can but Finger the Coin,
He little regards what People can ſay;
You'll always find
Sejanus *kind,*
If for his Intereſt you can bribe high;
But ſhould that fail,
You'll never preval,
Without it the Stateſman *looks always ſhy.*

Princeſs. It may be ſo, *Hamilla*; but I think this is for his Intereſt, I may come to be Queen of *Delos*, and then 'twill be in my Power to recompence him.

Ham. But he conſiders his preſent Intereſt only, my Princeſs, for he is ſenſible, that he has tranſacted ſo many Villanies as will oblige him long enough before that can happen, to reſign up (if he is not turn'd out) all his publick Places of Truſt.

Princeſs. See then, *Hamilla*, how unfortunate it is to be born a Princeſs; happier ſhould I have been were my Deſcent leſs noble.

Ham. Freer you would have been, becauſe then you you might have choſen a Husband for yourſelf, and not have been thruſt, as you are now, into the Arms of an indifferent Lover.

Princeſs. His Affection for me is but cool, I believe indeed; but as to that we are pretty even.

Ham. I don't ſee, my Princeſs, how you can have any real Value for each other.

Princeſs.

Princeſs. How unfortunate is the Condition of Princes, to be diſpoſed of as State Bargains.

Ham. In that reſpect, to gratify every-bodies Humour almoſt but their own.

Princeſs. If it muſt be ſo it muſt: Let what will happen, *Hamilla*, you ſhall ſhare my Fortune. What Book is that you have in your Hand?

Ham. I am very much obliged to your Royal Highneſs, and ſhall be proud to ſerve you to the utmoſt Stretch of my Capacity.——This Book is a facetious Novel, and ſeems to hit your Highneſs's Caſe exactly.

Princeſs. Read the Title of it.

Ham. The Secret Hiſtory of Mama Oello.

Princeſs. I was wont to take great Delight in Books, and ſpend much time in reading, but am now ſo diſtracted, that I can't ſet my Mind to any thing.

Ham. Reading is doubtleſs a very profitable as well as pleaſant Amuſement.

Princeſs. It may be a good pretty Thing for ought I know, as far as may be judg'd from the Title, and may anſwer my Caſe exactly. Perhaps ſome good-natured Author piting my hard Fortune, has from thence taken the Plan, that all ſucceeding Princeſſes may read and commiſerate the Fate of the unhappy *Seraphina.*

Ham. I intended it as a Preſent for your Highneſs, [*Giving the Princeſs the Book.*] that's more than ever Prince *Flavius* gave you.

Princeſs So 'tis, *Hamilla*, and more acceptable than all the Preſents he can make me.

Ham. They ſay 'tis a curious Thing, I have not read it, but fancy, that the *Indian Curaca Robilda* muſt very much reſemble our *Sejanus.*

Princeſs.

Princeſs. And I doubt the fair *Mama Oello's* Caſe and mine are too much alike: But let us take a Walk, *Hamilla*, and you ſhall read it to me.

Hamilia. I wait your Highneſs's Motion.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Prince* Flavius's *Council Chamber.*

Prince, Truelove, Modiſh *and Others.*

Prince. Well, my Lords and Gentlemen; we are here aſſembled, though I think there's but little Buſineſs to tranſact: I have earneſtly expected, for theſe three Days ſucceſſively, Diſpatches from *Delos.* The Meſſenger ſtays a long time.

True. Something extraordinary has happend, or elſe he would have been back before now.

Mod. The Fellow is very dilatory ſure.

Enter a Gentleman in waiting with a Packet.

Gent. Pleaſe your Highneſs, this from *Delos.*

Prince. Let the Meſſenger himſelf come up, that I may know from his own Mouth the Reaſon why he ſtaid ſo long.

Gent. It ſhall be done, Sir. *Exit Gent.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Prince. What could detain you ſo long at *Delos*? I expected you back three Days ago.

Meſ. I return'd, pleaſe your Highneſs, as ſoon as I could procure my Diſpatches.

Prince.

Princ. Why what hinder'd you?

Meſ. I was oblig'd to ſtay a conſiderable time for them, becauſe *Sejanus*, Prime Miniſter to the King of *Delos*, was gone a Journey.

Prince. But he is never long together from the Metropolis; where was he gone to?

Meſ. I think they call it a Progreſs in their Country, but when firſt I arriv'd at the Metropolis of *Delos* ſome People told me he was turn'd a Quack Doctor, or what we here call a High *German* Phyſician.

Prince. That's only a Joke of ſome of the Malecontents who don't like *Sejanus*. —— Well, go about your Buſineſs. [*Exit Meſ.* Now we ſhall hear what more, my Friends, *Sejanus* has to ſay. [*Breaks open the Letters and reads Modiſh to Truelove.*] I hope in the Lord, good News, for I long to ſee *Delos*.

True. The Prince ſeems to ſmile as he reads; I fancy the Diſpatches are pretty agreeable. ——

Prince folding up the Letters.] Well, my Lord *Truelove*, Matters are now all agreed on, *Sejanus* has granted all my Demands. —— There is but one Artiele that I diſlike, and that is, this going over. *Sejanus* repeats it again in his Letter that my Preſence is neceſſary at *Delos*.—I know this will pleaſe you, *Modiſh*, though it does not pleaſe me very well.

Mod. I am very glad to hear that every thing anſwers your Highneſs's Expectations; and muſt confeſs, this laſt Piece of News is very agreeable to me.

Prince. I am ſure 'tis very diſagreeable to me; but if I can't find any Loop-hole to get out at, I muſt e'en go thro' with it.

Mod.